

THE Duke of Anjous Farewel to Spain:

OR, A

Hue and Cry after a little stray King, that was lately
Lost in a Fog: With a Reward of Ten Thousand Pistoles, for any one
that will bring him to his Grandfather the *French* King.



TO all Forreign Nations now under the Sun,
Whether Christians, or Pagans, the Case is all one.
This wills, and requires ye to lend me your Aid,
(For to do it my self, I am somewhat afraid:)
To maul off the *English*, and pepper the *Dutch*,
Who as I must tell ye did lately approach,
With *Germans*, and *Palatines* both Horse and Foot,
And put my poor Grandson in *Spain* to the Rout.
So maul'd his poor Army, they scarce have left one,
Which at once has both me, and poor *Anjou* undone.

But the greatest Disaster that still is before me,
I've lost the poor Boy in the midst of the Hurry;
And 'tis fear'd those D—d *English*, who ow'd him a Spite,
Are to my great Grief run away with him quite,
Tho' I think since they got the whole Kingdom of *Spain*,
They sure may return me my Grandson again.
For it needs must be own'd an unreas'nable Thing,
Because they've the Crown to lay hold of a King;
But I hope the young Man, will for all be so Wise,
As to make both the Crown and the Jewels his Prize.
With some other rich Trinkets and Moveables too,
That may help some time longer the War to pursue,
Which Else I fear, I shall be troubled to do.

And therefore desire all true Christian Men,
If he falls in their way, that they'd bring him again,
And for a Reward (sure my Word may be took;)
A Thing that in all my whole Life I ne'er broke.

As soon as he safe at my Court do's Arrive,
Ten Thousand Pistoles to the Bearer I'll give.
And if with the Crown, and Regalia I've spoke on,
I'll add one rich Jewel, by way of a Token.
I think this is faire, and in Case of Resistance,
Deserves ev'ry pious good Christians Assistance.

But if these fine Offers Sirs happen to fail,
And neither my Pray'rs, nor Intreaties prevail.
I hope that in spite of good Luck they will please,
For the good of all *Europe* to grant me a Peace,
And let me Sign the Preliminaries.
For now I begin to reflect I was Mad.
For refusing the Offer that lately I had.

But as to the matter concerning my Grandson,
I think 'tis a Thing neither Honest, nor Handsome;
To stop a young Prince as a Body may say,
When he and his Army were running away.
To fall on poor Fellows, and make such a Slaughter,
Who bravely submitted, and ask'd for good quarter;
The bloodiest Fight and Pursuit that e'er Man saw,
Where 'tis thought that the *English* remember'd *Almanza*.
Therefore to conclude, this comes to entreat ye,
All good Christian People in Village or City.
That if you shou'd meet with a little stray King,
The Straggler you safe to his Grandfire will bring,
Or if he will to the *West-Indies* retreat,
To convey him thither I'll lend him a Fleet,
If I thought they wou'd not the Confederates meet,
But for fear of the worst, I think, to be plain,
He had best, when he's taken his Farewell of *Spain*,
E'en come home to his Loving old Grandfire again,
Provided he handsomely ransacks the Nation,
To make me amends for this Spanish Invasion.